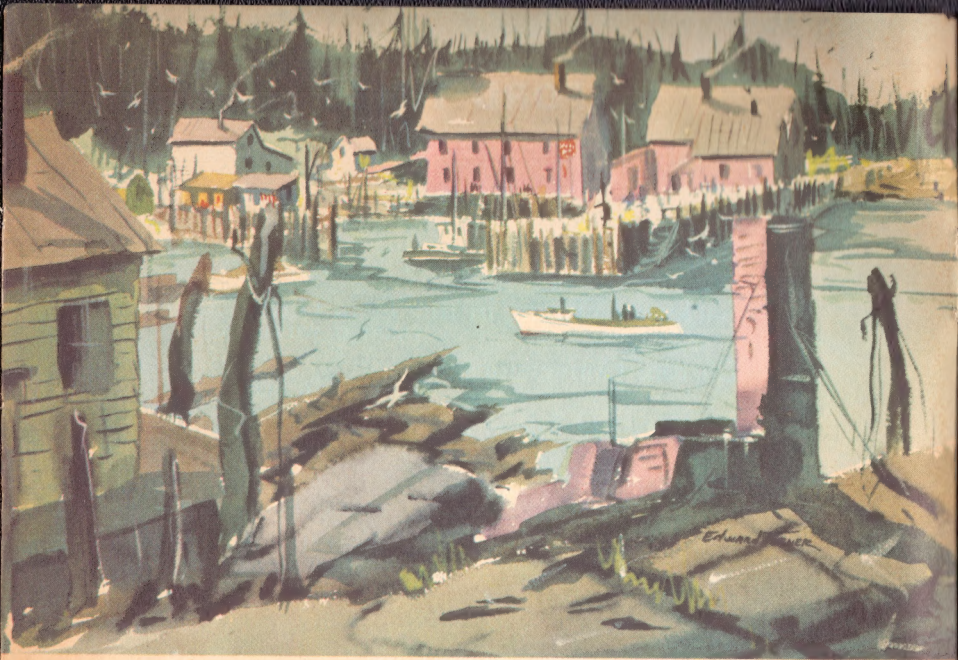


FORD TIMES

may 1952





painting by Edward Turner

THE islands of Maine's Penobscot Bay are rocky, pine-scattered outposts in the sea below the Camden Hills. Most of the islands have a history and individuality as rugged as their salty cliffs. The history of Matinicus Isle began in 1750, and its individuality has endured through more than two hundred winters. For details, turn to "Maine's Matinicus Isle," by Hazel Young, page 19. ■

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The Ford Times is published monthly by the Ford Motor Company, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan. Board of Publishers: Walker Williams, Chairman; Charles E. Carll; J. R. Davis; B. R. Donaldson; Arthur T. Lougee; W. D. Kennedy. Copyright 1952, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. Printed in U.S.A. All rights reserved.

BURKE, IDAHO—

Where Trains Stop, Look, Listen

by Rafe Gibbs

paintings by Alfred Dunn

AS THE TRAIN rumbled down the railroad tracks, the lady in the car with the Pennsylvania license plates became downright nervous. Her car, you see, was parked dead center on the tracks—the only place you can park if you want to get gas at Hank and Slats' Service Station in Burke, Idaho.

"Just take it easy, ma'am," said unruffled Hank Ruffier as he continued to pour gas into the car. "You were here first."

About ten feet from the agitated lady's round eyes the train churned to a stop, and the engineer nonchalantly waited while Hank cleared bugs from the car windshield. Then, as the lady slapped money in Hank's hand and wheeled hurriedly off the tracks, the engineer again throttled the train into motion.

"Nerves," said Hank to his partner, Slats Pfeiffer. "Some people let their nerves run away with them. Won't live long."

Calmly, that's the way life is taken by folk in the mining town of Burke . . . those people who dwell comfortably in a canyon so narrow that "if the wind is right, you can stand on the hill and spit down every chimney in town."

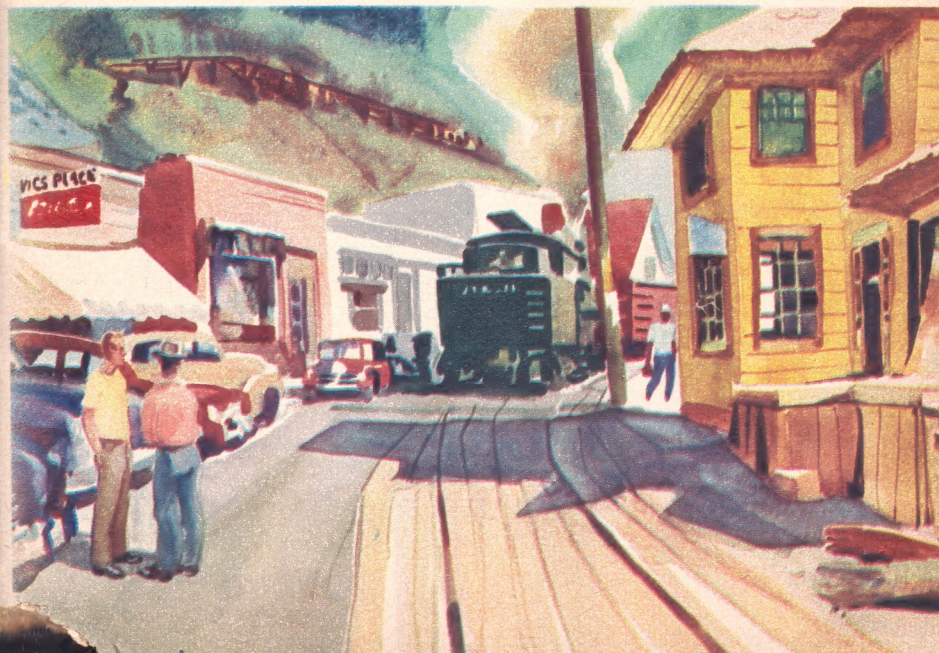
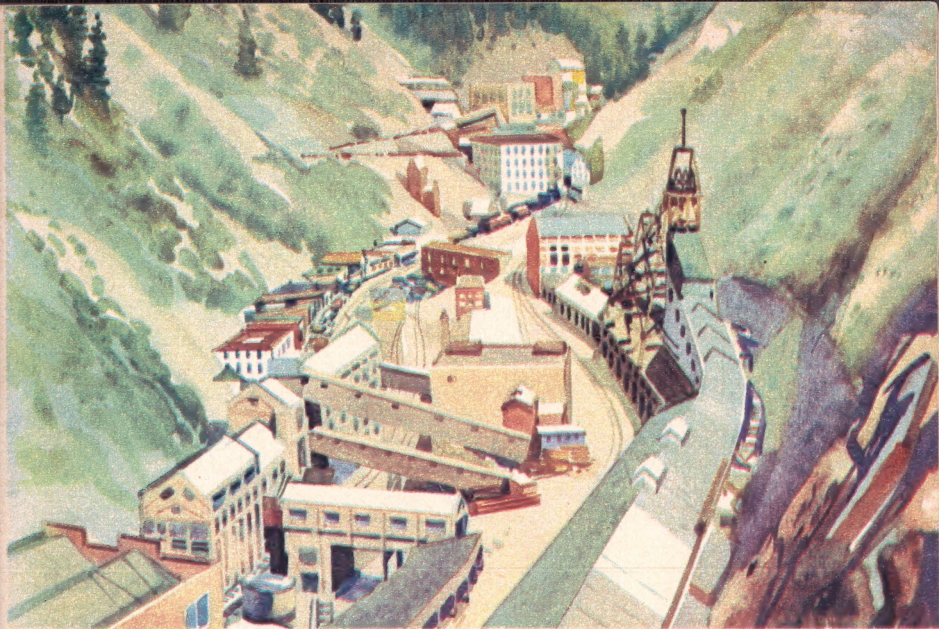
"But so what?" said Hank "We may be a little crowded, but we get to know all our neighbors, and that's more than you can say for a lot of towns. There's been considerable exaggeration about Burke. Why, one story got circulated that our gas pumps lean in so the train can get by. But you take a level and check. The pumps stand perfectly straight."

We took Hank's word for that. But, still, it was plain that a fat man would lose his suspender buttons if he stood between pumps and passing train.

The town was founded in a pine-covered, V-shaped canyon more than a half-century ago—for good reason. It is in one of

Above right: Burke—a town in a gulch

Below right: Its narrow Main Street



the world's greatest mining areas and has produced more than \$1,000,000,000 in ore. Burke's Star and Morning mines today are two reasons why Idaho leads all states in producing silver and zinc, and is second in producing lead.

To find the town that is broadminded about narrowness, all you have to do is turn off Highway 10 at Wallace and drive seven miles up a canyon road. Hard-surfaced all the way.

In Burke, your first problem is finding a parking place . . . but you always do. Maybe on the railroad tracks. To turn around, you must drive to the opposite end of town.

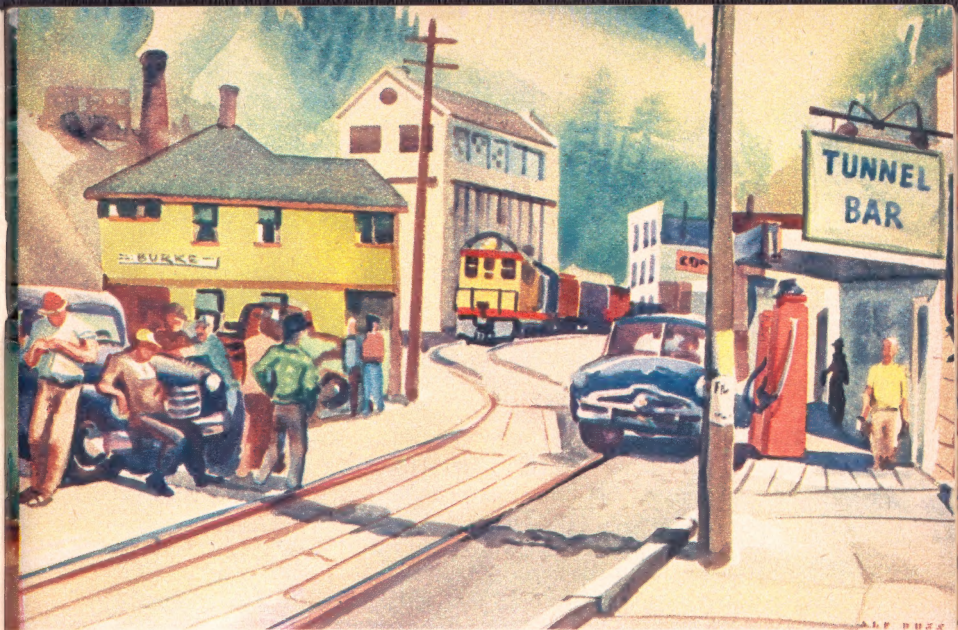
When a train comes through town—right down Main Street—the natives pour out of shops to reshuffle their cars. Usually there are several strangers in town who, thinking no train really uses the tracks, leave their cars locked on them.

The kids in Burke have a game which is a great aid to the Northern Pacific and Union Pacific railroads. The game is to see who can first locate the owners of the locked cars.

While waiting in their engine cabs, the patient Jobs of the long-billed caps don't even blow their whistles. Irritates the residents of Burke. As a last resort, a wrecker is called to tow a car off the tracks. But that doesn't happen very often. Burke isn't too big—population about 750—and the kids get around it pretty fast. It's just during school hours that rail traffic is likely to become excessively impeded.

The afternoon we were there, two miners coming off shift bandied words in the cage as it raised them to the surface. Seems one fellow commented that he had seen "better looking faces" than the one with which the other was born. Words ballooned into flying fists when the two came out on the surface—and that meant Main Street had suddenly become a boxing arena. Pedestrians, automobiles and train stopped. Had to. The train's engineer and firemen leaned out of their cab to watch the fracas, and were the envy of the town with their choice seats. With no damage of consequence, the fight ended. Pedestrians, automobiles and train moved again. Usually Burke is quite peaceful, friendly . . . but a man must defend his only face.

Used to be two sets of tracks in Burke, but everybody agreed that was cutting it a bit fine. Whenever a train came through town, merchants had to go out and raise their awnings to let



it pass. Finally, the Northern Pacific and Union Pacific agreed to use the same track, and Burke broadened out.

Years ago, the local blacksmith was kept busy turning out unique baby buggies to take care of the Burke situation. They were built with flanged wheels set in the middle of the axles so they could be wheeled along a single railway track. Offset handles permitted mothers to walk down the center of the track while babies got the air.

The situation was greatly improved, however, for Main Street now has a sidewalk—on one side of the street. Of course, in some places, telephone poles are set in the center of the sidewalk.

They tell about a miner who celebrated well his arrival in Burke, and on his way to the Tiger Hotel about two a.m., he bowed and tipped his hat to telephone poles, then carefully walked around them. The Tiger Hotel . . .

There is no other hotel in the world quite like it. The train runs through it, and the river runs under it. Fact!

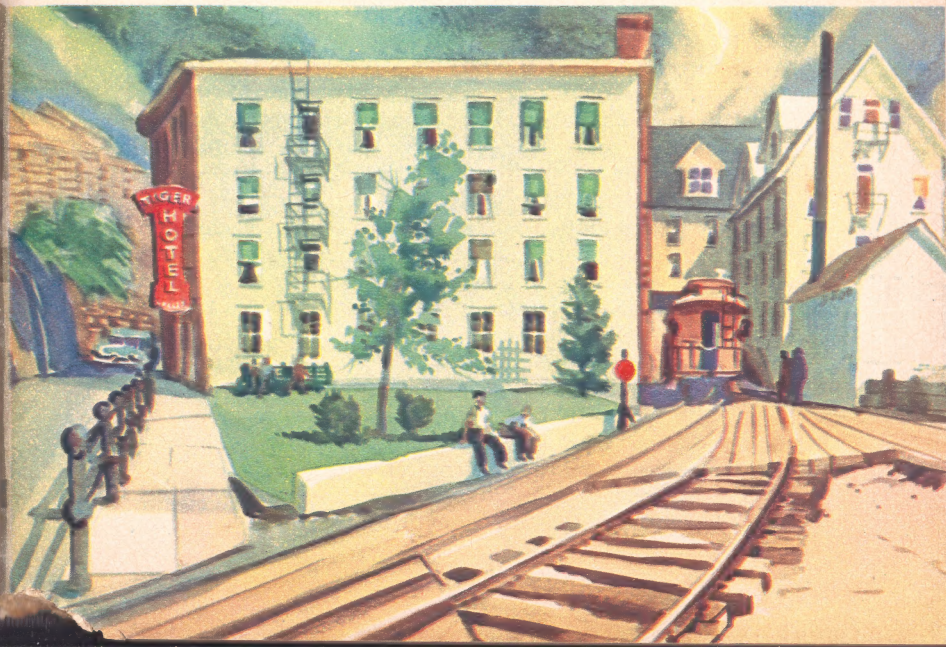
The Tiger is a three-story, frame hotel with 150 rooms, serving mostly permanent miner guests, but some transients. Now, there's only one place in Burke to put a hostelry the size of the Tiger—across the railroad tracks. We are not certain which came first—the hotel or the tracks—but, anyway, the train rumbles right through the hotel. Rooms in the immediate vicinity are reserved for heavy sleepers.

If a train happens to be passing through the hotel at lunch-time, the engineer parks it in the hotel, and steps into the dining room. It's so handy.

"One bad feature about having trains run through the hotel is the wear and tear on light bulbs," lamented Manager Bill Vipperman. "Each time the train comes, at least one light bulb goes. And, if the train starts switching . . ."

Vipperman also explained about the hotel's system for waking up permanent miner guests at 5:55 a.m. in time for their morning shift. A hotel employee walks down the halls, and bangs on doors with a "plumber's helper."

"One time he was ready to lay on the door of a room with the plumber's helper when the occupant suddenly opened it," chuckled Vipperman. "The plumber's helper sailed clear across the room and out the window."



The river? Well, the North Fork of the South Fork of the Coeur d'Alene River tumbles down Burke Canyon. You don't see the river right in Burke, because it runs under Main Street—also under the hotel.

On one side of the hotel, Vipperman maintains an attractive lawn.

"But I'm forever sprinkling it," he said. "The earth is only four inches deep. The river runs under the lawn, you see, and because of that the grass never seems to get enough water."

Vipperman is proud of his lawn, as it is one of the very few in Burke. Most homes cling to mountainsides which weren't designed by glacial action for lawn mower operation. Compensating for lack of lawns are the evergreens—sky-tipping beauty behind the homes. There are flowers in abundance—wild ones by the mountainful.

When we asked ten-year-old Dwayne Gust what his favorite summer sport was, he said simply:

"Hunting . . . wild flowers, I mean."


Bigger trophies of the hunt are also to be had in the mountains. A recent Forestry Service report said that, within a fifty-mile radius, there are about 10,000 deer, 6,000 elk, 2,000 black bear, and some grizzlies, moose and mountain goats. Many a Burke home has a broad spread of antlers over the front door. Then there are ducks in the sky, and cutthroat and rainbow trout in the fast-water streams.

Provided in the town by the Hecla Mining Company are a modern swimming pool and children's playground. Significant, too, is the fact that on the best spot of level ground in town stands a first-rate school. Burke has two churches—Methodist and Catholic, well-attended.

The town is a good place to raise kids. Although play space is limited, there is seldom a traffic accident involving children—or adults, for that matter. Burke doesn't have traffic speed signs. Doesn't need them. There is only one way to drive in Burke—carefully. And especially important to the kids is the nearness of the big outdoors.

When the winter snows reluctantly leave the mountains, Burke has a baseball diamond. Space was lacking in town for the sport, but that didn't stop the men who know how to operate bulldozers. They carved out a diamond on the mountainside above the town. Like an eagle's nest, it is.

In Burke, they say, "a low ball is always a high one, and anything over the tree-tops is a home run."





Custom "Bait" Conversion— a one=picture story

story and photograph by Lewis F. Greene

SHOWN ABOVE are five excellent lures and part of a spinning lure which have undergone a "custom conversion." Number One is a spinning Devon Minnow to which, by means of a small swivel, is attached the keel weight of a Brown "Terrible" spinning lure. Keel prevents line kinking. Number Two shows the same keel weight attached to a Phillips Multi-Wing Streamer, a fine light casting lure.

The keel may also be used with a light, fly rod size "Flat-fish" if a six-inch length of leader material is used between keel and plug. See Number Three. Number Four shows a converted "Miracle Minnow," whose action is improved by the larger aluminum lip made from sheet aluminum. Number Five is a re-decorated gold "Streamliner." Red spots are nail polish. ■

Backyard Fishing in the Twin Cities

story and photographs by Verne O. Williams

ONCE a scoffer arose to doubt the claim that Minnesota possessed no less than 10,000 lakes. Thereupon a count was carefully made. It was found that a few more than 11,500 natural, mostly fish-bearing bodies of water lie wholly within the state's boundaries. Nevertheless, with true modesty, Minnesota continues to title itself merely, "Land of Ten Thousand Lakes."

Where to go on a weekend fishing trip out of the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul is thus a problem on which hardly any two anglers will agree. And the confusion! Reports get around that some Izaak Walton caught a ten-pound wall-eye in Eagle Lake. Which Eagle Lake? Fishermen will rush to almost half-a-dozen different lakes called by that name.

The question does not even become simple if one only catches a streetcar to his favorite hole. There are ten good lakes in the Twin Cities themselves. Within a radius of twenty miles lie several hundred more, plus sizeable stretches of three major rivers. The mighty Mississippi itself runs smack through the heart of Minneapolis, then twists along the southern limits of St. Paul. Between the two cities the turbid "Mother of Waters" is joined by the meandering Minnesota River; and scarcely a dozen miles due east of St. Paul the rippling St. Croix River marks the border of Wisconsin.

When the last ice-fishing trip of the winter is but a several-months-old memory, and hungry walleyed pike are on the prowl in spring-freshened waters, Twin Cities anglers think first of the St. Croix. On this they can agree. For it's open

*Above right: The mighty Mississippi runs right through Minneapolis.
Below right: A couple tries for panfish in nearby Lake Minnetonka.*



Lake Harriet, within the city limits, is a family fishing hole→

season there on May 1, almost two weeks before the rest of the state.

I well remember drift-fishing down a ten-mile stretch of this winding, wooded river on opening day last spring. By nine a.m., literally dozens of anglers had close to the limit of eight walleyes, husky battlers running two to six pounds apiece.

The nearest thing to agreement among Twin Cities anglers after the general season opens will doubtless concern famed Lake Minnetonka, sprawled haphazardly like a minor inland sea about twenty minutes from the back door of Minneapolis. The argument will come over whether to troll for walleyes off Orono Point, cast for walleyes in Spring Park Bay, or angle for walleyes elsewhere along Minnetonka's three-hundred-mile shoreline.

Perhaps we may seem a bit preoccupied with the walleyed pike which is after all not even a true pike but a member of the perch family. Be it said then that what the sailfish is to Florida and the salmon to Puget Sound, the walleye is to Minnesota. Musky, northern pike and bass have their place, but when a Twin Cities citizen sounds the spring invite, "How about a little fishing trip?" the odds are about five to one he means walleyes.

Unfortunately for Twin Cities "fishing widows," the walleye keeps about the same hours as Walter Winchell. He comes out about dusk, takes a great interest in nocturnal activities from ten p.m. to two a.m., and is usually headed for home not long after daylight. And if you don't get a bite from a walleye you surely will from a Minnesota mosquito, a vigorous grappler who can sink his proboscis farther in less time than most of his breed.

Perhaps as a consequence, there exists another school of walleye fishermen who slowly troll the deep spots during daylight with the spinner-and-minnow rig on which the bulk of Minnesota walleyes are taken, night and day. It may be more fun to hook into them with a surface plug as they feed along a bar after dusk, but it's lots tougher fishing.

The piscatorial character who will do justice to a popping plug is Minnetonka's lusty largemouth bass. Season opens on him in late June when he's about concluded spawning but still feels a little touchy. Combine sunrise with a shallow bay

Northern pike grow even bigger than this near the Twin Cities→



or a sloping shore line, not too weedy but thronged with minnows, and Mister Largemouth will keep the date.

Of course, some ardent Twin Cities anglers argue that life holds no better sport than the scrappy smallmouth bass which dwell along the St. Croix's scenic bends. These anglers work upstream by skiff, then slowly drift back down, beaching the boat and casting the really good spots from shore.

Many a fly rod artist gets in tune by angling for the St. Croix's silver bass, which come back in season with the walleye. The average silver or white bass—a true bass, incidentally, unlike both large and smallmouths which belong to the sunfish family—runs a pound or two and takes small casting lures and flies with vigor.

At the other end of the scale, the largest of all freshwater fish, the armor-backed sturgeon, who co-sponsors many a social reception by furnishing the caviar, can be taken in the St. Croix and its tributaries. Mostly, these prehistoric throw-backs are caught accidentally by seekers after the channel catfish.

Huge catfish, some panfish, and nowadays even a walleye or northern pike can be taken from the once badly polluted waters of the Mississippi itself where it winds through the Twin Cities. And, just a few miles north of Minneapolis, patient fishermen sometimes hook that great gray battler, the muskellunge. Still, in the cities themselves, most anglers turn to the limpid lakes.

On weekends the lakes within the city limits are family fishing holes for thousands who come by streetcar or auto. Mom and the kids can go to town on the sunfish and crappie; Pop can try to entice the wary northern pike and walleye. In Minneapolis, anglers think first perhaps of Lake Harriet, where some fine northern pike of twenty-five pounds have been landed, then of Nokomis, Calhoun, Hiawatha, Cedar and Lake of the Isles.

St. Paulites hate to take a back seat to Minneapolitans and thus insist that their city limits virtually include the two big fish-teeming lakes of Bald Eagle and White Bear five miles to the north, as well as Lakes Phalen, Como and Pig's Eye. And the truth is that a dozen fine lakes lie just ten minutes north of the city limits as well.

Here and there among Twin Cities anglers you find a lost soul who belongs on the trout streams of Colorado—or some trout state, in any event. It is said to be possible to catch small

stocked brown trout out on the bottoms of the Minnesota River on opening day, if you have the patience to stand shoulder-to-shoulder with two thousand other worm slingers. But trout creels are filled with considerably more pleasure and privacy a hundred miles or more away on the North Shore streams. Even the most loyal Minnesota fisherman readily admits, however, that his is not a trout state. If an angler can't be satisfied with walleyes, largemouth and smallmouth bass, muskies, crappie, catfish, northern pike, and sturgeon, then let him take himself and his flyrod to some place like Colorado—that's the general sentiment.

We may as well also scotch the rumor that Paul Bunyan used to sit on the parapet of the Foshay Tower Building in downtown Minneapolis and catch lake trout. To accomplish this, his casts would have had to reach several hundred miles north to the border lakes—an unlikely feat even for Paul.

However, there's another story—that Paul once caught a northern pike in Lake Minnetonka so big that the spats of its tail created a hundred lakes nearby. Any Twin Cities angler will readily confirm this one as the plain unvarnished truth. ■

The St. Croix is always popular for smallmouths and walleyes.





CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

by Burgess H. Scott

THE HARDY '31 Model A roadster pictured upper left is owned by Donald G. Weiler of Lisbon, North Dakota, who gave the old girl a shot in the arm by installing a 60 horsepower V-8 engine and transmission. He retained the stock Model A rear axle and reports that gas mileage is excellent.

The roadster has '35 Ford 16-inch wire wheels with 6.50-16 tires and is further refined by a radio, glove compartment, cigarette lighter and ash trays, twin electric horns, and a Model T "beep" horn. The trailer rides on a Ford front axle and wheels, and has a seven-foot sleeping compartment. Other features are a kitchen, lights, radio speaker, and luggage compartment.

P. E. Dye, Jr., of Oklahoma City, started with a '29 Model A in making the trim little roadster at lower left. He retained the stock engine, transmission, and rear end for simplicity, but changed the appearance by hand-forming the hood of alumi-





num and chopping the windshield two and one-half inches. The front fenders are from a motorcycle and are mounted so as to turn with the front wheels. The copper paint job is touched off by bright plaid upholstery.

L. R. Bonnie, Ford dealer in Lake City, Michigan, has turned many a motorist's eye with the conversion at upper right. It is a '49 convertible with bored and stroked block and 10:1 heads, among other alterations that give Bonnie 190 horsepower. The car's unusual appearance is due to use of a radiator from another make car with the original hood faired into it. Bonnie runs the car without fan and, with overdrive and 3.73 rear end, can turn up well over 100 miles per hour.

Clarence L. Patterson of Glen Allen, Virginia, a World War II veteran, began building the car shown lower right in 1948 and finished it two years and eight months later at a cost of \$3000, not including his labor. Patterson feels he is one of the youngest men ever to build a car practically from the ground up. He started with little more than a '39 Ford frame and built it with parts from Lincolns, Mercurys, and sixteen other makes of cars and trucks. The car has a stock 1948 Mercury engine and is finished in coral lacquer. ■





Maine's Matinicus Isle

by Hazel Young

paintings by Edward L. Turner

YEARS AGO fishermen and their families along the Maine coast ate periwinkles—"wrinkles" they called them. Old Uncle Jim Condon who raised a large family on Matinicus Island always asked a blessing before meals. Sometimes it ran like this:

"Dear Lord—divide this food around amongst us—give Alden his share—give Bill his share—don't give Seth any, he is so eternal lazy, he don't deserve any. For Christ's sake, Amen—Jimmy, git out of them 'ere wrinkles."

Today several generations later, folks on Matinicus no longer eat "wrinkles" but in plenty of ways the island is unchanged. The same family names persist—Young, Ames, and Philbrook. Vestiges of the old ways of speech linger on. If a fisherman hopes for fair weather, he listens for the "rote at the west 'ard." His wife takes the "orts" out to the hens and the boy "boats" himself across the harbor in his peapod.

Matinicus lies twenty miles straight out to sea from Rockland. A staunch little sixty-foot mailboat, the *Mary A.*, carries you out. From the water Rockland seems snugged astern down along Penobscot Bay. Back of it rise the Camden hills. On a "pretty" day as you chug across the harbor on the *Mary A.*, the scores of windows in the huge Samoset Hotel blink in the early morning sunlight. You pass Owl's Head Light, dazzling white against the green of the spruces, with the carmine red of the chimneys making it one of the most photogenic lighthouses along the coast. Out to the open sea past Monroe's Island and the mouth of the Muscle Ridge Channel—and soon a low-lying shadow becomes land—Matinicus.

The *Mary A.* slips past the wooded end of the island, by Marky's beach, and around the breakwater into the harbor. Everywhere you look there is color—from the deep green of the spruce through the faded red of the Centennial Building

Above left: Owl's Head Light.

Below left: Matinicus Harbor.



← *Criehaven, on Ragged Island.*

to the harsh yellow of Jim's new fish house. Lobster buoys of every shape and shade hanging on the bait sheds—gulls wheeling overhead—dories bobbing at the moorings, keeping watch while the powerboats are out to haul.

Unlike those of many Maine coastal islands, the settlement on Matinicus wanders far away from the harbor—at least as far as it can within the confines of slightly over 700 acres. From the north end almost to Southern Point, the road runs straight through the center of the island. As you walk down this road, or ride its rutty length in one of the ancient cars, you pass prosperous looking houses set in fields gay with buttercups, daisies and wild roses against a background of green spruce trees. The air is clear and salty and, in late June, fragrant with the scent of wild strawberries. You can hear the muted sound of the waves against the shore and off in the distance the clang of the bell buoy to the westward.

At the south end, the white Cape Cod houses look across the water to the settlement of Criehaven on Ragged Island. Over on Tenpound Island you can just make out the sheep as they graze on the western slope. In the channel between the islands, an occasional seal swims lazily around, lifting up his head from time to time as if curious to see what is going on.

The early history of Matinicus follows the pattern of many of the other settlements along the coast. The Norsemen probably touched its shore—who really knows?—various fishing stands were located here and the Indians visited it, hunting sea birds and eggs for food. It wasn't until the middle of the eighteenth century, however, that there was a permanent white settler, Ebenezer Hall. With his wife, son, and four small children, Hall came to this lonely island to make his home. From the very first he seems to have been a fractious individual, who liked to have his own way and insisted on burning over the outlying islands to improve the forage for his sheep. The Indians objected strenuously but Ebenezer went right ahead. In an interesting document on file in the Massachusetts Archives, the Indians appealed to the Governor of the Province, but to no avail. Finally in 1757 when Ebenezer Junior—fortunately for his numerous descendants—was away on the mainland, the Indians came to the island and after a skirmish that lasted for several days, Ebenezer Senior was killed, and,

← *"Gulls wheeling, dories bobbing."*



← *Seining at Matinicus.*

so the story runs, scalped. His wife and four small children were taken captives. A bronze tablet not far from the Post Office marks the spot where his log house stood.

John Crie was another early settler. He came to Matinicus by way of the Revolution—but, alas, from the British side! When a lad of sixteen, John was walking along the streets of Glasgow. Suddenly he was seized by soldiers and, the first thing he knew, he was in the British Army. For nearly five years young Crie was stationed at Fort George, now Castine, Maine. In 1783 he was honorably discharged. He stayed in America, and married Mary Hall, the daughter of Ebenezer Hall, Junior. Here John Crie lived for the rest of his days. Now he lies in the little graveyard near the center of the island with a gray slate stone to mark his resting place.

In politics, Matinicus is predominantly Republican. The politicians gather in “Lin” Young’s boat shop and “touch up” the Administration in Washington. When Margaret Chase Smith came up for election for United States Senator, they allowed that: “Margaret was a good girl—and worked hard down to Washington.” She got every vote on the island.

They tell the story that once when F.D.R. was cruising along the Maine coast, his boat put in to Rockland. An island boy was over on the “main” at the time. When he got back home, a neighbor said, “You must have seen the President, didn’t you, Bill?” “Well,” drawled the young man, “I was down near there working on my boat. There seemed to be a lot of noise and fuss but I didn’t look up.”

Today, life is pleasant on Matinicus. There is a large school, and dances and parties are held almost every week. All the houses are occupied and a new one is being built by a Young, the sixth generation of Youngs on the island.

You can make the round trip from Rockland to Matinicus in a day, with a couple of hours to spend on the island. Too short a time for most of us! But if you are really an islander at heart, and can get along without movies, fancy tea rooms, and gift shoppes, then the thing to do is to write the Postmaster, Matinicus, Maine (enclosing a stamped envelope for reply). He might be able to find you a boarding place. Matinicus women are good cooks and you would get plenty of lobster and fresh blueberry pie! ■

← *The rutty Island road.*



An ensemble of double basses on the beach.

Music in the Woods

by Robert Hodesh

paintings by Bill Moss

THE MILLIONS of American mothers who spend hours sternly forcing their children to practice piano and violin while other kids are off swimming and playing baseball, will be interested in learning about a couple of rules that help to govern Interlochen, the National Music Camp in the Michigan north woods.

One rule requires the musician campers, who range in age from eight through the college years, to keep away from their instruments until after reveille. The other forces them to spend at least two hours a day on the tennis courts or at either of the camp's lovely lakes.

During Interlochen's earlier years, the bugler used to suffer deep pain because the campers were getting up before he did and drowning out his reveille with their fiddling, trumpeting and tootling. A bugler is supposed to be a soloist in summer camps. At Interlochen he was the cynosure of nothing. As for the athletic directors, they sorrowed because the water front was lonely, and grass grew untrammelled on the tennis courts.

These unprecedented problems resulted in the strict rules. Henceforth, silence was to prevail until the bugler's final B flat. And during the day, the kids had to exercise something besides their wrists and finger muscles. They'd been getting too ambitious for their own good.

To say Interlochen is to say music. The thousand of the country's gifted young musicians who take over its 540 acres every July and August have so saturated the woods with music that the birds, frogs and squirrels hardly ever make a peep. They wouldn't dare. The last time Interlochen had any trouble of this sort was when a thrush tried to out-trill a piccolo during a concert. It failed, of course. It probably had a nervous breakdown.

One day a visitor was ambling along a wooded path at the camp when he heard what he thought was a wonderful warbler. His eyes followed the trunk of a maple upward, and there, wedged securely in a crotch, was a pigtailed flutist, age about twelve, working over some passages from Debussy. The words and symbols of music greet you at every turn.

The camp's newspaper is the *Scherzo*. Its promotional leaflet is the *Prelude*. One of its roads is Grainger Lane (for Percy Grainger, who used to teach there) and you follow it to Harmony Hall or Apollo Hall. In front of the camp hotel is a bronze statue of Pan, piping away in a clump of evergreens. The lady who greets you wears a pair of silver eighth notes for earrings. The camp has a pet goose named Lohengrin, a raccoon named Oboe, and two deer named Major and Minor.

At Interlochen music even comes from the kitchen. For lunch there may be do-re-mi soup, which actually has whole notes, quarter rests, and G clefs floating around in it. More than once the camp's pastry chef has baked a music box into a birthday cake, so that when the honored guest sank a knife into it, it began to play "Happy Birthday."

All these are grace notes on the central theme: music engulfs the pine woods near Grand Traverse Bay in the summer. It has been this way since 1928, when Joseph E. Maddy and



← *Practicing French horn in various states of repose.*

Thaddeus P. Giddings, two of America's most ambitious music educators, founded the National Music Camp, better known as Interlochen, meaning "between the lakes." With \$15,000 of borrowed money they leased land and buildings that were once a part of the ghost town of Wylie, which had died when lumbering faded in Michigan. They were the first to take music camping.

They started with 115 boys and girls—just enough for a full symphony orchestra, and the first season they lost \$40,000. This bothered them only mildly, for they had had a musical success and reasoned this was more important at the outset than financial success. For the first few years everybody sang merrily except the cash register.

Like truly dedicated men, the founders wheedled, begged, borrowed—very nearly stole—what they needed. Mrs. J. Ogden Armour of Chicago gave \$2000 after Dr. Maddy crash-landed an airplane in her backyard. Others gave gifts of equipment; Henry Ford contributed five hundred wash basins and two hundred bathtubs, which are still in use.

The depression almost silenced Interlochen, but it turned out that music hath charms to refinance the savage mortgage, sell debenture bonds, and soften the hearts of bankers.

Today Interlochen is worth nearly a million dollars. It has four full symphony orchestras, five bands, a four-hundred-voice choir, an opera and operetta department, and too many chamber music groups to count. It teaches art, dramatics and modern dance. (It even has its own sawmill ripping through the second growth and turning the timber into new buildings and equipment.) Walter Damrosch, John Philip Sousa, Frederick Stock, and Ferde Grofe have been connected with it. It has made such a dent in America's artistic life that the ambition of thousands of talented youngsters is to go to Interlochen for the summer.

There is something pretty wonderful about making music and listening to it in an enchanted forest—practicing cello by a crystal lake, piping on a flute in a tree, and playing in a string quartet while the cool breezes blow.

Thousands of visitors every summer take advantage of Interlochen's welcome mat to drop in for a concert while vacationing in this beautiful part of the state. Here they

← *A quintet getting an afternoon's fun out of Brahms.*



← *Practice huts—arranged to suit the artist's imagination.*

can listen to music with their ties off. Besides, there is something about sitting out of doors during a concert, about the glint of a lake seen through the trees, that sets one at ease with a composer. The need to "understand" the music, which is the bane of the concert hall, fades away, and one is left to take the music at his pleasure, which, after all, is the point.

However, the earnestness at Interlochen does not prevent its students from looking at music with a smiling countenance. Competition for a seat in the Monday night dance band is so keen that if a player turns his back on his instrument between sets it is likely to be snatched up by someone anxious to sit in. Not all the music at Interlochen is immortal, but it's all fun. They like to remind you that the camp barber is busy all summer keeping the longhairs under control.

Joseph Maddy can appreciate this because he financed part of his education by playing hot saxophone in a band in Chicago when he was a young man. He learned the instrument on a couple hours' notice and leaped to fame.

But seriousness predominates. The music begins with reveille, is interrupted briefly by breakfast and goes full blast through the morning. You can't walk through the woods without stumbling over a musician. The students break into song during lunch, play and study the afternoon away, sing for supper, and then come to the bowl for the evening concert. When the applause has died away they wander back to their cabins, often singing part-songs.

Comes taps—not on a bugle but a French horn. Then there is a moment of quiet, but the music has not ended yet. Now it is time for slumber music, certainly one of the pleasantest traditions a camp ever devised.

Each cabin has its turn. One night a harp was wheeled out and someone played "The Swan," by Saint-Saëns, while a friend held a flashlight on the strings. The older campers remember with particular pleasure the night George Rasely, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera, walked the whole length of the camp singing Gounod's beautiful "Ave Maria."

Finally the music ends, and whatever denizens of the night dare to do so, make a mild music of their own. There aren't so many hours left before the bugler glances nervously at his clock and hopes he will be the first soloist of the day. ■

← *Interlochen's good night—slumber music beneath the moon.*



They Live in a Fairyland Forest

by Byron Fish

photographs by Bob and Ira Spring

ON the Olympic Peninsula, which forms the westernmost corner of the State of Washington, there are about three thousand square miles of mountain wilderness. Here glacier-packed peaks stand squarely in the way of moist winds coming off the Pacific Ocean, causing them to spill the water they are carrying. The downpour goes on day after day for nearly nine months of the year.

All this moisture, combined with a mild climate, produces a jungle growth very rare in the north. Fir trees tower more than three hundred feet, and grow to twelve feet in diameter. There are giant hemlocks and spruce, dense underbrush and huge ferns. In a part of this Rain Forest which lies within Olympic National Park an unreal touch is added by a cushion

of moss that covers the rocks and ground to a foot in depth, and festoons every bough and tree trunk.

This is a setting such as most of us know only from the illustrations in the fairy tale books we read as children, or from the background of those same fairy tales recreated and embellished for the movies. But for two little girls this Rain Forest fairyland is home—a wonderful but perfectly matter-of-fact backyard. They are Janet and Donna Lee Sneddon, daughters of Ranger G. Lee Sneddon of the Hoh River station.

Janet is nine years old, Donna Lee is twelve. Before they came to the Olympic Peninsula they lived most of their lives in dry climates, for their father was previously stationed in Nebraska,

*Above left: Donna Lee (left) and Janet play in the Rain Forest.
Below left: Janet feeds an injured fawn which is the girls' pet.*





Janet and Donna Lee live in their raincoats nine months of the year→

Utah, and Texas. Donna Lee and Janet remember a time when they would run outdoors in high excitement to see the great curiosity of rain. Now they wear rain clothes most of the time.

What is it like to live in a forest that could be straight out of "Snow White"? I asked Janet and Donna Lee about that at some length. This is what they told me, in their own words:

Some people think that on account of the other children in the neighborhood being six to thirteen miles down the road we would become lonesome, but we are too busy for that. Anyway, lots of tourists come to the camp ground right near us, especially during summer vacations.

In the summer we go camping with the kids who visit us. We have sleeping bags and we put up a canvas over us. The moss on the ground makes a nice, springy mattress. We often get waked up during the night by deer which come almost up to our beds while they are eating.

Our play yard is about a mile around, with home in the middle. There are holes in the trees and under stumps that are hidden by moss and big ferns, and we use them for playhouses and secret hiding places. Some of the big vine maples lean away over. They bounce up and down when you

ride them, so we don't need a teeter-totter.

Sometimes we go with our father when he rides up the trails to patrol them. We both ride on Slick because he is gentle. Mother rides on Star and Dad takes Kate, but Kate likes to buck so Daddy sometimes has a hard time with her. We have bicycles, too. We ride them down the road to see our neighbors, and to the tourist camp. We don't go to the river unless a grownup is along, because the Hoh is too fast and dangerous unless you are careful. The water is from glaciers and is very cold, but on a warm day it is fun to swim in it anyway. We fish there, too.

But when we go to school we don't have much time for anything else. We have to be all dressed and have breakfast by a quarter after seven, so Daddy can take us down to the Hoh store, thirteen miles away. The school bus picks us up there at eight o'clock. The bus ride to the town of Forks is another nineteen miles. We go to the Quillayute Valley School. At 3:30 school is over, and we get back to the Hoh store at twenty minutes after four. Mother meets us there and we are home by five o'clock, although when it snowed nearly three feet last winter we couldn't get to school for two weeks.

We play a game on the way to

Only on very hot days do they venture to swim in the glacier-fed Hoh→



school. We keep score of who can see the first elk and deer and grouse, which we see almost every morning. Sometimes we see bobcats or bears or eagles, too. Outside the park there are some cows that graze along the road, and we call them "slow elk." We call the grouse "chickens."

We feed the birds, especially in the winter. At night the civet cats and the skunks come and raid the garbage can. We catch them at it by turning on a flashlight, but we don't go near them.

Daddy says we mustn't feed the deer that come around the yard because they get to depending on men, just like bears that become bums when they hang around camps. But we know all the regular visitors, who bring their babies, too. There were two new fawns last spring among our pets. That made seven in all. We count them every day. Sometimes if we don't see them we get scared some old cougar has killed them.


Last summer we had one fawn we could pet and play with. He tried to hide in a meadow outside the park while a neighbor was mowing the grass. The machine ran into the little deer and cut him but the rancher doctored him and he got well. Someday soon, though, he will have to go to a zoo or be kept in a pen. Young bucks get mean when they grow up and are not afraid of people.

The boys and girls in the other place where we have lived would never believe what we told them

about our forest unless they could come here or see it in pictures. But mostly they would have to live here so they would know about the deep, springy moss and how it looks as if it were full of jewels when the sun comes out after the rain.

That's what Janet and Donna Lee told me about their life in a Fairyland Forest. Somehow, I didn't like to ask them about the elves and fairies and the rest of the other-worldly creatures, never classified by naturalists, that in books, at least, might be found in such a place. Perhaps they know about such things and discuss them with each other; perhaps not. That is a world where grown-ups cannot trespass.

But the thing that is really wonderful about this Rain Forest Fairyland is that the forest, at least, is absolutely real, and one of the most beautiful places in the Northwest. Donna Lee and Janet are lucky enough to live there because their father is one of the men in the National Park Service whose job it is to take care of the Rain Forest so that all of us can enjoy it. But any child can go there, and camp there, if he wishes, overnight or for days on end. Then he can see for himself the birds and animals that Janet and Donna Lee talked about, and perhaps learn from them about those other creatures which only children can see in a Fairyland Forest.





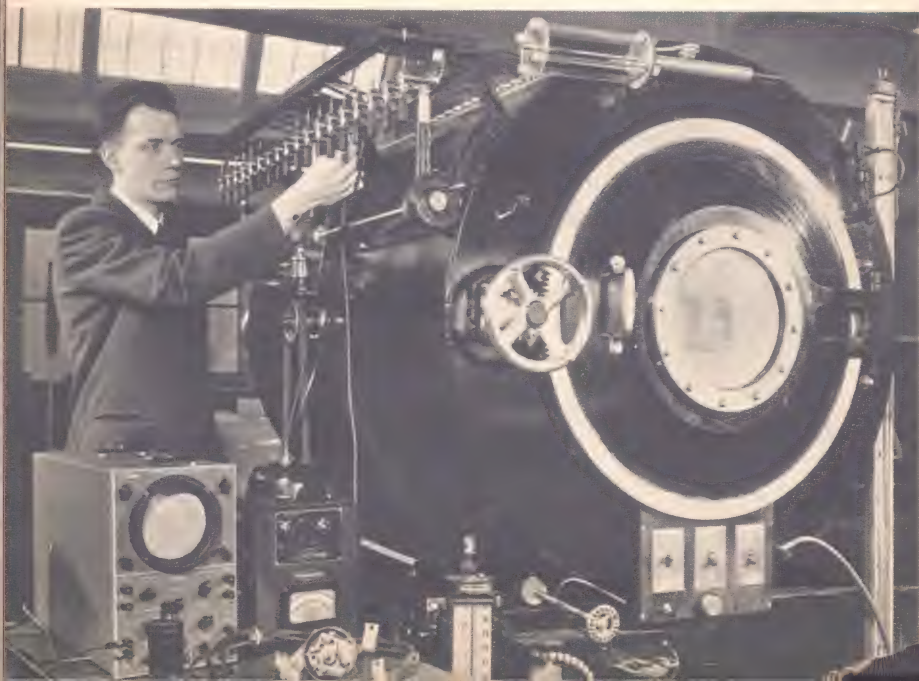
Vets in the Wilderness— a one-picture story

story and photograph by Wallace Taber

EVERY YEAR the Minturn, Colorado, post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars gives eight or ten disabled veterans the kind of vacation most of them thought they could never experience again. They are brought from veterans' hospitals to Minturn by automobile, then transferred to more rugged vehicles, such as weapons carriers, for the rough trip into the Gore Range to Piney Lake. There a wilderness tent camp is set up for them. Each day they are comfortably ensconced in rubber boats on the lake, or settled in position for fishing from shore. The man casting in this picture is a double amputee; his kibitzing buddy is swathed in bandages as a result of third-degree burns. Most of the guests are equally handicapped. Yet there's never a complaint around the Piney Lake Camp except the mock gripe of campers everywhere: *Who cooked this grub? It's bad enough for the Army!* ■

High Altitude Test

AT OR NEAR sea level, where the air is dense, the atmosphere is a good insulator. At higher altitudes the air density becomes less and its insulating properties become poorer. Under such conditions the high voltage ignition current tends to find discharge paths through the thinner air, rather than flowing through the distributor and to the spark plug as intended. The machine shown above is a vacuum chamber in the ignition laboratory of Ford Engineering, in which technicians can simulate altitudes in excess of 40,000 feet. Components of Ford's ignition system are placed in this chamber for testing under extremely low pressures that are more severe than conditions to be encountered on any existing roadway. The chamber was used extensively during the last World War for testing aircraft ignition system components. Thus the laboratory is able to maintain the quality of ignition systems of all Ford-built cars, trucks, tractors, and industrial engines. ■





Old Man of the Mountains

by Kenneth Gilbert

paintings by Charles Culver

THEODORE ROOSEVELT held the mentality of the mountain goat in low esteem. "Verily," he asserted, "the white goat is the fool-hen among beasts of the chase." He reached this conclusion after he had killed a male goat and had seen the rest of the band move only a short distance before stopping to look back at him.

There is no record of any mountain goat's appraisal of man, but

frustrated cameramen and hunters report that he appears amused as he gazes down at their pathetic human struggles to scale a mountain side that he has scrambled up in nothing flat. Moreover, in the State of Washington, five hundred licenses were issued to hunters in 1950, but only ninety-nine reported success. Not a bad record for a "fool-hen."

But these squabbles about IQ's

seem unimportant when tourists first catch sight of the snow-bearded Old Man of the Mountains standing on a high crag, in characteristic silhouette against the sky. Always shy and aloof, these animals are found on the highest peaks of the Cascades, the Rockies and other northwestern ranges. The largest concentration on the continent is the 6,000-head Washington herd, which ranges in the Cascades over a strip 20 miles long by 50 miles wide.

Although the Old Man is called a goat, he is really a goat-like antelope related to the Alpine chamois and the Himalayan serow. He is a sturdy beast, set on short, stout legs and weighing up to three hundred pounds. A fleece of fine wool next to the skin, with an outer covering of long hair, insulates him against the freezing mountain winds. A chin whisker beard gives him an air of antiquity which, combined with a solemn expression, makes him look profoundly wise.

Both sexes are armed with slender black horns, curved near the tips and slightly flared apart, and these are as deadly as twin daggers when it comes to infighting. A full-grown male will be five feet in length and stand three feet at the shoulder. His black hooves are a combination of rubber-pad inside and knife-edge outside to give him solid traction on snow, ice or bare rock.

Aside from man, a mountain goat's principal foes are bald

eagles and cougars. Dan Barnett, biologist of the Washington State Department of Game, estimates that the bald eagle, with its seven-foot wingspread, is powerful enough to carry off a young mountain goat weighing up to twenty pounds, or a kid three months old.

Mountain goats prefer altitudes of from 4,000 to 7,000 feet in summer. Cougars, preying on deer, range upward that far. While the average cougar probably prefers a toothsome young mountain goat to a tough old billy, the big cat will not hesitate to attack even the herdmaster, despite the latter's dangerous horns. Game protectors have found evidence that cougars have killed full-grown goats, using the same technique as that followed in killing a deer—the stalk, then a short charge, then fangs plunged deeply in the back of the victim's neck while a wrench with a sinewy foreleg snaps the spine.

Occasionally a cougar will make a mistake in judgment and timing, with disastrous results to himself. A sheepherder grazing his flock in the high summer-range of the Okanogan country last year found a very dead cougar at the base of a fifty-foot cliff. The cat's belly appeared to have been slashed open with knives. Draped from its cruel claws were strands of white goat-hair. Obviously the cougar had taken on a veteran battler who knew a few fighting tricks himself, and had been tossed to its death on the rocks below. ■



Swinging on the Golden Gate

photographs by Jay Rosenberg

NOBODY ever got rich betting on a photographer's timidity. The usual, safe pictures of the Golden Gate Bridge having palled on Jay Rosenberg of San Francisco, he went to the top—746 feet up, where the wind cries like a beast in pain and the tower sways as if afloat in the sky.

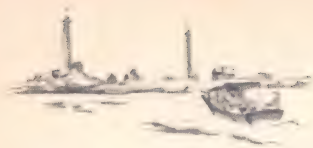
In an elevator big enough for only two persons, and with his camera and bag on his head, Rosenberg rose up through the north tower to within fifty feet of the top. Then he crawled upward another thirty-five feet in a narrow hatch and emerged on a catwalk—with a single handrail at waist height.

A seventeen-knot breeze was howling through the stays when he squatted down, forgetting that he was then below the rail and that there was nothing to separate him from eternity. After taking the upper picture on the opposite page (it looks north toward Marin County), he turned around for the lower picture, looking toward San Francisco. In doing so he stepped backward and frightened the guard into coaxing him back. It was fortunate that Rosenberg stepped no farther; there were only two steps left.

With no risk to life and limb, he was able to furnish this information on the Golden Gate Bridge, one of the great and beautiful spans of the world: it is four-fifths of a mile long; its cables required 80,000 miles of wire; 59,000,000 cars have crossed it; and it collects \$10,000 a day in tolls.

Here are some statistics the engineers didn't plan on: hundreds of fenders have been crumpled because drivers stared at a quail which was habitually leading its brood through bridge traffic to a place where peanuts had fallen around a vending machine; three babies have been born while their mothers were in hurried transit over the bridge; and one day a deer came down from the Marin County hills and ran across without paying a toll. ■





Artist-Model Town

by Samuel T. Williamson

paintings by George Shellhase

OCCASIONAL visitors to museums and picture galleries may think that artists' number one model is a nude. This isn't so. The most painted object in the United States is not an undressed model but a little red fish house at Rockport, Massachusetts, on the north tip of rugged Cape Ann. Artists call it "Motif No. 1."

Unlike most models, it has perfect proportions. Paintings of Motif No. 1 are in museums and private collections all over the world, and color reproductions of them are in picture-framers' shop-windows everywhere.

Some artists could paint it with their eyes shut. On demonstration nights at the Rockport Art Association, Emile Gruppe does it from memory. Anthony Thieme, whose outdoor easel is the back of his Ford station wagon, has lost count of the times he has painted it. His colleagues estimate that paintings and royalties on prints of it have brought him \$150,000 over the years. Some call Motif No. 1 "Thieme's gold mine."

It is also Rockport's, for the town has become one of the nation's most populous summer art colonies. In order to preserve Motif No. 1 for the artist-visitors, Rockporters, in a red-hot town meeting seven years ago voted to buy it.

Although this purchase made the old wharf the only municipally-owned artists' model in the world, virtually the whole town is an artists' model. A big proportion of calendars, Christmas cards and framed color prints showing fine old New England houses under tall, ancient elms are recognizably Rockport. During the summer, art classes are sprawled all

*Above right: Motif No. 1, America's favorite artists' model.
Below right: A busy morning at the Rockport Art Association.*



about. Paintings of Rockport scenes appear every season at big city art shows.

Rockport, which includes Pigeon Cove, where Ralph Waldo Emerson used to "make acquaintance with the sea," is thirty-five miles from Boston. For nearly a century its year-round population has remained between 3,500 and 4,000. Its summer population is about three times greater and at least one third of its families came there because one or more members either were practicing art or playing at it. Once it was a bigger fishing port than nearby Gloucester, but now many fishermen's dories have been retired to land and filled with bright-flowering petunias and sunflowers.

The town has something in common with Grandma Moses: after years of hard labor, it has taken up art in its old age. Almost every house has oils or water colors of local scenes on its walls. In some homes, the pictures are obviously beyond the pocketbooks of their owners and were taken, for lack of currency, in payment for board and lodging.

Aside from the wealth of subjects to paint—the snug little harbor, old houses, lobstermen's sheds, winding streets, rocky shores and the geometric slopes and seams of abandoned quarries—artists like Rockport because the place is comparatively unspoiled and doesn't go in for ballyhoo. There are no big summer estates, no dress-for-dinner hotels. The dozen or so small hotels and inns and two-score guest houses can't begin to hold all non-cottager summer-folk, the rest of whom find accommodations around town. Householders rent their spare rooms—"it pays our taxes." Others rent remodeled backyard barns, toolsheds and even hen houses, or move into them themselves for the summer, and rent their year-round houses.

Most old families are related to the Tarr and Poole families. The first settler, Richard Tarr, arrived with a wife and two children in 1690. Then years later, came John Poole with a wife and five children. The wife died; within five years he married and buried three others in succession. The Tarrs were never able to overcome this geneological headstart and today are outnumbered by the Pooles. A half century ago Finns and Swedes were brought over from the old country to work in the granite quarries. When their children showed up at school, old-stock youngsters threw rocks at the young "for-

Bearskin Neck—"a hurrah's nest of shacks and shoppes"→





eigners," and then, when they grew older, married them. As a result, a big proportion of Rockport children are towheads.

Shortly after the Scandinavian influx, artists began coming to Rockport. As summer visitors were then generally regarded as more or less eccentric, the only stir occasioned by arrival of the picture painters was the discovery that an honest dollar could be made by converting tumble-down shacks into "studios." The first gathering place was Bearskin Neck. This quarter-mile strip of land forms the west side of

Rockport Harbor and got its name more than two centuries ago when a bear ambled down from the woods, got caught by the tide, and was knifed and skinned by Ebenezer Babson.

Once Bearskin Neck was a group of weather-whipped shanties and small buildings where fishermen stowed their gear, pickled fish and pressed oil from cod livers. Today it is a quaint hurrah's nest of lobstermen's shacks, arts and crafts shoppes, eating places and hot doggeries, small art galleries and fish and lobster markets. Old fish houses have been transformed into studios and summer living quarters, with few out-of-doors places to sit save platforms on the roof.

Bearskin Neck's evolution began about fifty years ago when the late Henry Thurston, who sold hardware, acquired a structure which housed out-of-town trench-diggers for the town water supply. He found the place alive with bedbugs. Imprisoning in a candy box a few spiders snared in his backyard, Deacon Thurston turned them loose on the bedbugs, after which the gorged spiders left to hunt more plentiful game. The good deacon then enlarged the place, built a porch, and church sociables were held there.

Meanwhile, the Neck acquired a year-round family. Howard Hodgkins, who lived on Poole's Hill but ran a fish business on the Neck, missed his wife's hot noon dinners. He bought the framework of a fire-gutted house which he rebuilt into a snug little home at the end of the neck, and, come all



weathers, enjoyed his wife's hot dinners until a summer visitor offered him too much money to refuse for a season's rental.

About the same time, the Thurstons and Hosea Tuft's twin daughters cleaned out a few fish houses, piped running water into them, furnished them with things from the attic and rented them for the summer. The tenants, most of them artists, enjoyed the places because they were so "primitive," meaning also that they were inexpensive. One of the Thurston camps, the "Snuggery," had sheltered a cod liver oil press. The tried-out livers were thrown outside. A lush grass grew out of them, but the original bouquet lingered for years. One of the first artist tenants sniffed the ripe air, took a deep breath and exclaimed, "M-m-m! What ozone!"

Old-time Rockporters love to tell stories about their town and its early characters. "Second Sight" Blatchford described cargoes and wrecks before news of them arrived . . . Dr. Haskell's faithful horse died of old age and green apples. He was nailed up in a piano case and given a sea burial off T-Wharf . . . When Reverend Sylvanus Brown refused to quit his pastorate, deacons dragged all 350 pounds of him down the church aisle and tied him to the baggage rack of the Salem Stage. When the mammoth cleric died, he bequeathed \$300 for raking stones from the road to Salem.

There's a chuckle in much of Rockport's history. During the War of 1812, there was an encounter between British tars and the bell of "Old Sloop." The tars were a raiding party from His Majesty's Frigate "Nymphe," intent on finding beef cattle to butcher. "Old Sloop" is Rockport's old Congregational Church with a steeple which, viewed from the sea, stands up like a sloop's single mast.

At time of the "Nymphe's" visit, Rockport was under the dubious protection of a company of local fencibles who built a fort at the tip of Bearskin Neck and at the other end





← *No view of the harbor would be complete without artists.*

occupied a barracks which is now Evelyn Longley's studio-gift shop. Hankering for cuts of fresh beef, Captain Epworth ordered the "Nymph" hove-to off Rockport one night. Landing parties tumbled into the barges and made for Front Beach. One barge crew stole up to the fort, found all hands asleep, captured them, and then set fire to the bunk house.

Roused by the flames, one citizen broke into "Old Sloop" and tugged at the bellrope. Trying to silence the alarm, the British fired their bow carronades at the steeple, but only a single cannonball reached its mark, where it remains to this day embedded in the wood. During the bombardment, one barge sank with seams opened from an excessive charge of gunpowder in a carronade. The dunked tars were captured by the townsfolk. When a count the next morning showed an equal number of prisoners taken by both sides, the captain agreed to an exchange and sailed away.

The carronade which sank with the barge was fished up and now rests in front of Town Hall. For more than forty years, Fourth of July celebrants used to lug it down to Bearskin Neck, where they fired salutes and pulled at rum bottles. The Glorious Fourth of 1856 being a particularly alcoholic affair, God-fearing women decided something must be done. As opposed to seven churches, the town had thirteen taverns and grog-shops. That was one pot-house for every 135 males between one and ninety; and hardly a wife of a drinking man had money enough for groceries.

At nine one morning, sixty-one women and two men armed with hatchets and fortified by prayer marched behind an American flag into Dock Square and went to work on the first tavern. A mountainous woman named Hannah Jumper, the town seamstress, was said to be special operator on hogsheads. Old folks recall that even in her old age she could h'ist a barrel of flour to her shoulders. By three o'clock every saloon was cleaned out, gutters were amber with rum, and the gentle hatchet-swingers were back in Dock Square, singing hymns.

Since then, Rockport has remained dry, though Gloucester oases are but four miles away. In showcases of the Sandy Bay Historical Society are some of the hatchets, entwined with ribbon; and woman descendants of wielders of those hatchets consider themselves a more elect group than the D.A.R. ■

← *Front Beach lies between Main Street and the Atlantic.*



Whitewater in the Black Canyon

story and photographs by Robert Holland

"THE BLACK CANYON? Sure, we fish there every chance we get."

"You *what*?" I asked, remembering the knee-shaking view I'd had of this awesome crack in the earth. "You mean you go down into that thing just to fish?" They meant just that.

I looked with new respect at these two ex-GI's, Syd Andrews and Fred Glass, who are now college students in Gunnison, Colorado. The Black Canyon is three thousand feet deep in places, and only ten feet wide at its narrowest, with the Gunnison River a rush of whitewater at the bottom. Very few persons have ever traversed it in its entirety. My eyes bugged out as Syd and Fred rhapsodized about its unfished waters, and the fun of shooting the rapids in a rubber boat. The only danger, they said, was the possibility of hitting a rock. Because the canyon is so narrow the river is filled with rocks which have dropped from the upper walls rather recently, geologically speaking. They are barely submerged and have not yet been eroded smooth; hence there's real danger of snagging the bottom of a rubber boat.

It was real enough for me, anyway, and I began thinking up ingenious reasons why I would have to decline the anticipated invitation to go along next time. But when it came I meekly assented. Rocks or no rocks, if they went, I had to go, too.

Our paraphernalia seemed to me worthy of a six-months' expedition into the African bush. We carried, among other things, matches in a waterproof container, patching material for the boats, a length of strong rope, chocolate bars, and a large folding knife—all against the possibility of being stranded in the canyon. We lashed fishing tackle and extra paddles to the boats. Fred and Syd fastened their eye-glasses to their temples with adhesive tape, in case of a spill. I tucked my cameras into plastic bags to protect them from spray.

We chose a section of the river which offered comparatively easy going, and could be covered in a day. We drove

Above left: The lightweight rubber boat fits a car top easily.

Below left: Maneuvering the boat in rock-studded whitewater.



← *Many spots in the Black Canyon have never been fished before.*

first to the take-out place, a spot where the road winds down into the canyon, and left one of our cars there. Then we backtracked to the put-in point some twenty miles upstream, loaded our two boats, and shoved off. It didn't take much shoving.

For a while the river was smooth, though fast, and the going was easy. Syd and Fred didn't attempt any fishing, for a reason that was soon obvious. The moment we hit really fast water they were much too busy handling their craft. Syd was particularly anxious to show me what the Gunnison offered in unusual fishing. So after a while we beached at a likely spot and assembled our tackle. The trout were so hungry and unwary that I quickly forgot to worry about rocks and fast water. We caught some nice ones but Syd made us throw them back. This was just a taste; the real fishing was farther downstream.

We found it, too. At every stop the trout rose obligingly, and though we had not set out to get a big catch we soon had a nice collection of browns and rainbows and cutthroats. This very cooperativeness was almost our undoing.

At one of our stopovers I disembarked on one side of the river to take some pictures while the other two beached their boat on the opposite side on a narrow bench. Fred was the first out of the boat. Syd followed, his rod in one hand and the anchor rope in the other. His fishing rod dangled a fly, and as he stepped clear of the boat, the fly touched the water. A trout struck at it vigorously, and Syd did what any fisherman would do: he dropped the anchor rope and went after the fish. In an instant the empty boat was careening down the canyon on the fast current.

Here was a predicament! The walls behind us were too steep to scale. Even if our second boat could catch the first, there would be no bringing it back upstream against the current to reload our gear. So, taking the long chance, Syd and Fred set out downstream, alternately swimming and crawling along the rocky bank. They figured the boat would be caught somewhere in an eddy, and they were right. No damage was done; they merely chalked up another experience in this unusual trout stream.

Unusual! I'll say it is, with a thrill a minute. What's more, you don't have to row back. ■

← *Browns, rainbows, cutthroats—one day's catch on the Gunnison.*



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Salter House, New Hampshire

Lobster Pie (one serving)

¼ pound lobster meat, freshly cooked
1½ tablespoons butter, melted
½ cup cracker crumbs, rolled
3 tablespoons tomalley (lobster "liner")
1 drop Worcestershire sauce
Melted butter, to moisten
Salt, to taste

Place lobster in an individual casserole and pour melted butter over it. Combine cracker crumbs, tomalley from cooked lobster, Worcestershire sauce, melted butter to moisten, and salt, and place over lobster. Bake in 450° oven

until topping is a golden brown.

Lobster pie is a top favorite with patrons of this restaurant, which is in an old mansion at 130 Court Street in Portsmouth. Open from the first of May to November every day from 11:30 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. Closed Mondays during May, June and October.

←painting of Salter House by John Reardon

←painting of Dunbar Cave Hotel by Stuart Stephenson

Roy Acuff's Dunbar Cave Hotel, Tennessee

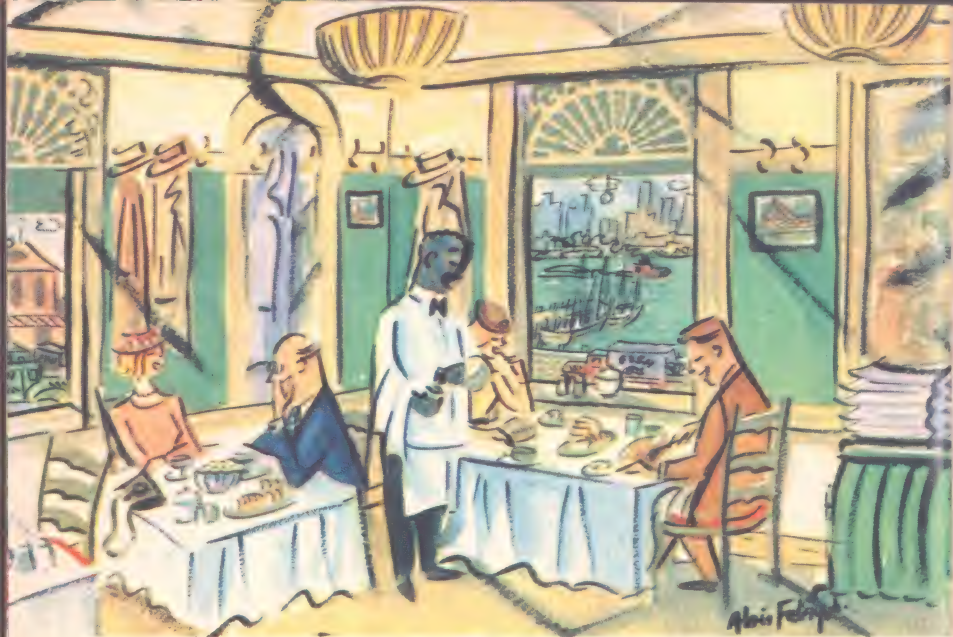
Barbecued Spare Ribs

2 sheets lean spare ribs
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon black pepper
½ teaspoon cayenne
1 tablespoon chili powder
1 teaspoon sugar
1 cup catsup
½ cup tomato purée
1 cup water
1 large onion, chopped fine
2 cloves garlic
½ bell pepper
3 pieces celery
1 lemon, juice

Cut ribs into serving portions and place in baking dish. Blend other ingredients and pour over ribs. Bake in a

moderate oven for an hour, turning and basting often.

Roy Acuff, the singer, bought Dunbar Cave and the hotel at Clarksville a few years ago and today it is one of the state's most popular summer resorts. The dance floor is in the mouth of the huge cave. The hotel is open from May to September. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily.



Sweet's Restaurant, New York

New England Fish Chowder

1 pound halibut or haddock
Bones from a white fish
1 onion, cut fine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery, chopped
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon curry powder
Few grains pepper
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream
2 cups diced potatoes, raw

Wash fish and fish bones and cover with salted water, bring slowly to a boil, simmer covered for 15 minutes. Drain, reserving stock. Skin and bone fish, then set aside to use later. Sauté onion and celery in $\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter. Add salt and curry powder and pepper. Then melt $\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter in a large

saucepan, being careful not to burn. Blend into this the flour, stirring to make a smooth paste. Heat and combine milk and cream and slowly blend into this mixture. Add one quart fish stock, fish, celery, onions and potatoes. Bring to a boil and simmer five minutes.

Sweet's is the oldest seafood restaurant in New York City, having been established in 1845. It is located directly across the street from the Fulton Fish Market at 2 Fulton Street. Open daily except Sunday from 11:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m.

←painting of Sweet's Restaurant by Alois Fabry, Jr.,

←painting of Moscow Restaurant by Robert Collins

Moscow Restaurant, Washington

Borsch

5 cups beef stock
1 onion
2 carrots
2 stalks celery
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato purée
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound cabbage
1 beet, boiled
1 spoonful butter
Salt and pepper
Sour cream

Shred onion, carrots, celery and cabbage; fry lightly in butter, then add tomato purée. Pour a little stock over vegetables and simmer gently until vegetables are tender. Add finely shredded beet and remaining stock. Let soup

boil once more. Serve topped with sour cream.

Nicholas Gorn, an ex-officer in the Tzar's army, and his wife, Marie, own and manage this authentic Russian restaurant. At 763 Lakeview Boulevard in Seattle, it is open for dinner and late suppers from 5:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.



Wagon Wheel Lodge, Colorado

Wagon Wheel Hub Roll

- 1 cake yeast
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup warm water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup condensed milk, scalded
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening
- $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour

Soak yeast in warm water. Combine scalded milk with one cup water, then add salt, sugar, shortening and cool to lukewarm, add half the flour. Mix well. Add soaked yeast mixture and balance of flour. Mix well and place on greased bowl until it rises. Grease hands and mold dough into pieces, a little larger than a walnut, drop in hot fat and fry until golden brown. Eat immediately

with honey or jam. Dough will keep in the refrigerator for three days wrapped in a towel or waxed paper.

A year-round vacation spot in the heart of Colorado's play area, this lodge also offers breakfast, lunch or dinner to non-resident guests. Take the Canon Highway west from Boulder two and a half miles to the Gold Hill highway bridge. Turn right for another quarter of a mile to the Lodge.

←painting of Wagon Wheel Lodge by Michael Rinn, Jr.

←painting of Old Faithful Inn by John Engelbart

Old Faithful Inn, Wyoming

Potato Pancakes

- 3 cups potatoes, grated fine
- 1 small onion, grated
- 1 tablespoon parsley, chopped
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
- 1 egg
- 5 tablespoons flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder

Combine potatoes and onion and then stir in other ingredients in the order listed. Bake on a medium hot grill. This recipe will make about 16 medium-size pancakes.

Thousands of tourists stop annually at this summer hotel in the western section of Yellowstone National Park. It is about 153 miles north of Idaho Falls, Idaho, and as the name implies is near the park's most popular attraction, Old Faithful. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily. Overnight accommodations. Open June 18 to September 12.



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GAME SECTION

SPRING QUIZ

SPRING is the traditional season of renewal, and nature displays some of her most delightful spectacles for the observant during this time. Color pictures on the opposite page have caught some of the wonders of the plant and animal world in this season and you are to identify them. Some may be old friends and sights that you would see in the park, the country or even in a city garden. The most confirmed city dweller should be able to identify at least two or three. A hiker, camper or sportsmen will stand an excellent chance of a perfect score. But even the youngest non-reading members of the family may recognize a few familiar friends. If after you've checked the answers below, you find most of the pictures unfamiliar, you may want to save this feature and do a little checking around gardens, woods and lakes this spring and summer.

photos by Lynwood M. Chase

ANSWERS

What Is It?

1. Closeup of partridge berries
2. Mallard duck and her young
3. False shamrock spider
4. Tree frog
5. Baby spotted turtles hatching from eggs
6. Dragons-mouth wild pink found in swamp land

Contributors



Lured by a teaching fellowship at the University of Minnesota, VERNE O. WILLIAMS was able to learn about backyard fishing in the Twin Cities (see page 10) by spending more time on the lakes and streams than in class. Recently turned free lance writer, Mr. Williams continues to be a photographer, a trade he learned from his father. He says he grew up (or was developed) in a darkroom. A native of Kansas City, he commutes between Miami (winters) and Colorado (summers) via a twenty-five-foot house trailer. He teaches an evening course in writing and a television course in photography for the University of Miami. His work has appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, Outdoor Life, Sports Afield, and other national magazines.



The merry view of Rockport, Massachusetts, (story on page 44) is the work of SAMUEL T. WILLIAMSON, once part of its summer crowd, now happily installed as a permanent resident. He was formerly with the New York Times as Washington correspondent and feature writer, and still contributes occasionally to

its Sunday magazine. For five years he was editor-in-chief of Newsweek, after which he became a magazine writer and editorial consultant. He is co-author of "The Road Is Yours," a lively chronicle of the automobile's first half century, which was chosen last year as a selection of the Executive Book Club. Mrs. Williamson, the former Cora Chase, used to sing leading roles in the Metropolitan Opera.



EDWARD L. TURNER illustrated the story on Matinicus Isle (page 19). A native of New York City, he lives on Swans Island, off the Maine coast, where he paints and operates a herring weir. He studied at the Art Students League in New York, has exhibited in many outstanding museums, and has sold pictures to several notable private collectors.

If ancestry has anything to do with an author's subject matter, HAZEL YOUNG inherited the right to discuss Maine's Matinicus Isle. Her great-great-great grandfather was its first settler, and her great-great grandmother was a sister of Longfellow's grandmother, which (in New England, at least) establishes a close relation with the coast of Maine. Mrs. Grinnell (her married name) is about to publish a book on the islands of the Maine coast. Her work has appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, she was an editor with General Foods, and her books include "The Working Girl Must Eat" and "Better Food for Less Money."



painting by Alfred Dunn

Making a U turn in Burke, Idaho, is probably not illegal because it is patently impossible. The town occupies a mountain gulch which is so narrow that you have to drive to the end of the only street to turn around. Railroad tracks run smack down the middle of Burke, and trains chug right through its only hotel. For more of its oddities, see the story, "Burke, Idaho—Where Trains Stop, Look, Listen," by Rafe Gibbs, on page 2. ■

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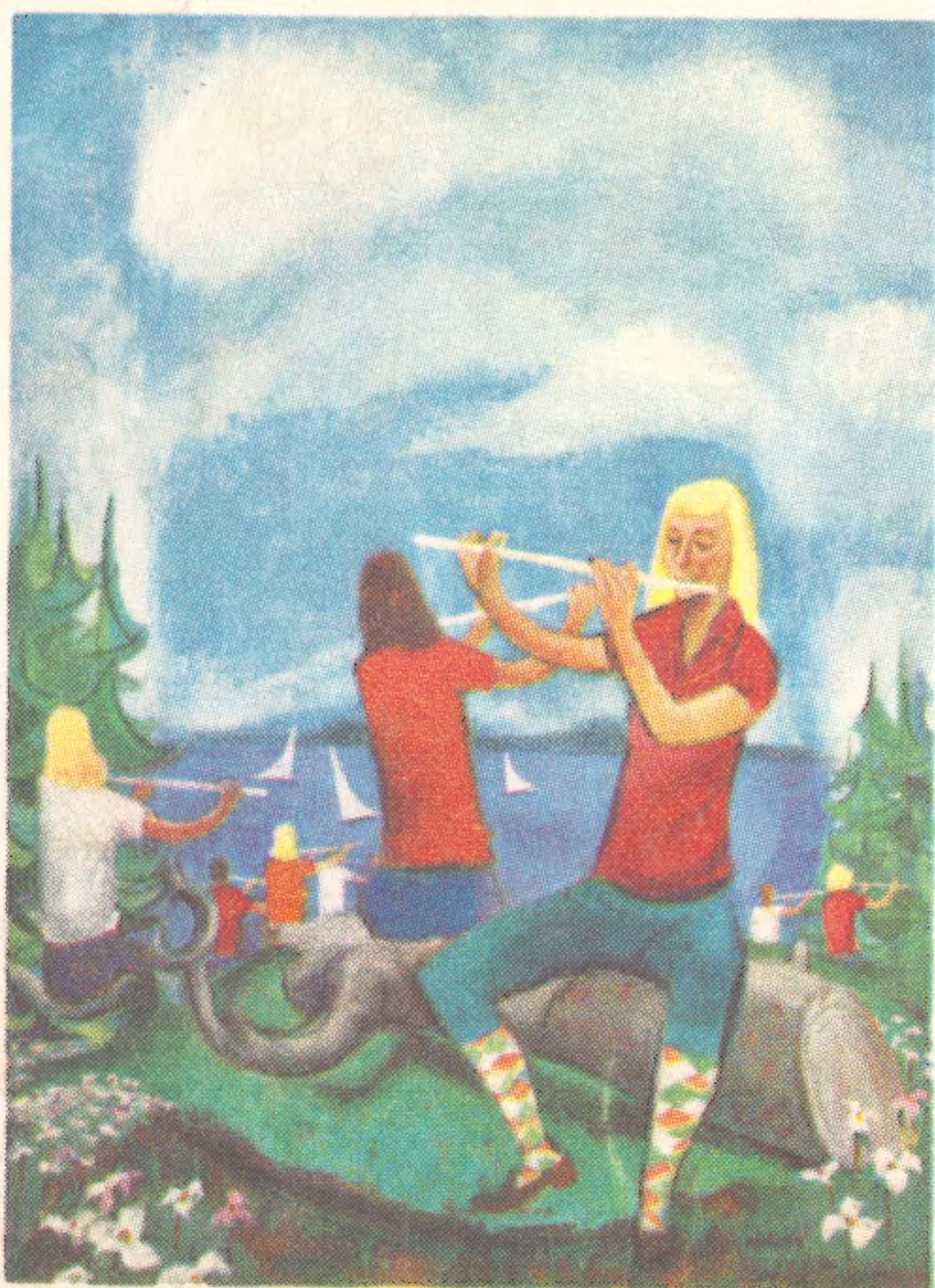
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Front cover—Flutists piping near a lake are not just an artist's fancy—they are often seen and heard at Interlochen. Painting by Bill Moss, who illustrated the story on National Music Camp, p. 24.

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